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Boston, Oct. 2, 1835.

My dear George —

I am a very naughty young man, truly. — Where is the call of the Convention that I promised to write and send to you on Tuesday? Ay, echo answers — Where? But when the head is all confusion, and one's hands are full, what can he do or say? I have not got regulated yet, since my return from rusticating in the country, and I already begin to sigh for the quietude and (selfish, ease will out) irresponsibleness of Friendship's Valley. But I felt relieved, in regard to your conventional notice, as soon as I saw brother Stanton, whom it is always refreshing to see; for he told me that Mrs. Goodell was still with you, and I knew he would use his pen very readily, if requested.

Boston is beginning to sink into apathy. The reaction has come rapidly, but we are trying to get the steam up again. We have held two public meetings, which were well attended, and all went off quietly.

I miss your dear little babe exceedingly — nay, do I not miss you all? But separation on earth is the lot of others as well as of

Your affectionate brother,

W. L. G.

George W. Benson

Providence,

R. I.